

BURLESQUE OF THE "RUBICON" /
CAP'N JOEY'S
JAZZ-A-JAZZ



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MAYTIME

CONFESSIONS

**Are You a Cake-Eater, Flapper, Bimbo or
Bootlegger?**

CAP'N JOEY

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250 Words Maximum

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**For the best set of lyrics for an Anti-Blue Law
song giving the RAZZ to those crusty, knock-
kneed, hammered-down, saw-off, bleary-eyed,
spineless, blue-bellied bimbos who are trying to
take the JOY out of life. You know who I
mean, and don't forget to mention their names
and their particular "itch."**

(All regular would-be writers get busy.)

CAPT. JOEY'S JAZZA KA JAZZA

The Jazz Hound Among Jozz Kickers

This publication writ, put up and put out by the Village Jazzers in their Jazzorium, in the wilds of Greenwich Village, and six minutes from Broadway. Chief Jazzers, Chick N. Chaser, Miss Caroline Carbunkle, I. Hanga Rounder, Erysipelas, Miss Celestine Vichy, Roger De Coverly and Captain Joey.



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**Edited by a World War Veteran Who Stands Flatfooted
for a Soldier Bonus**

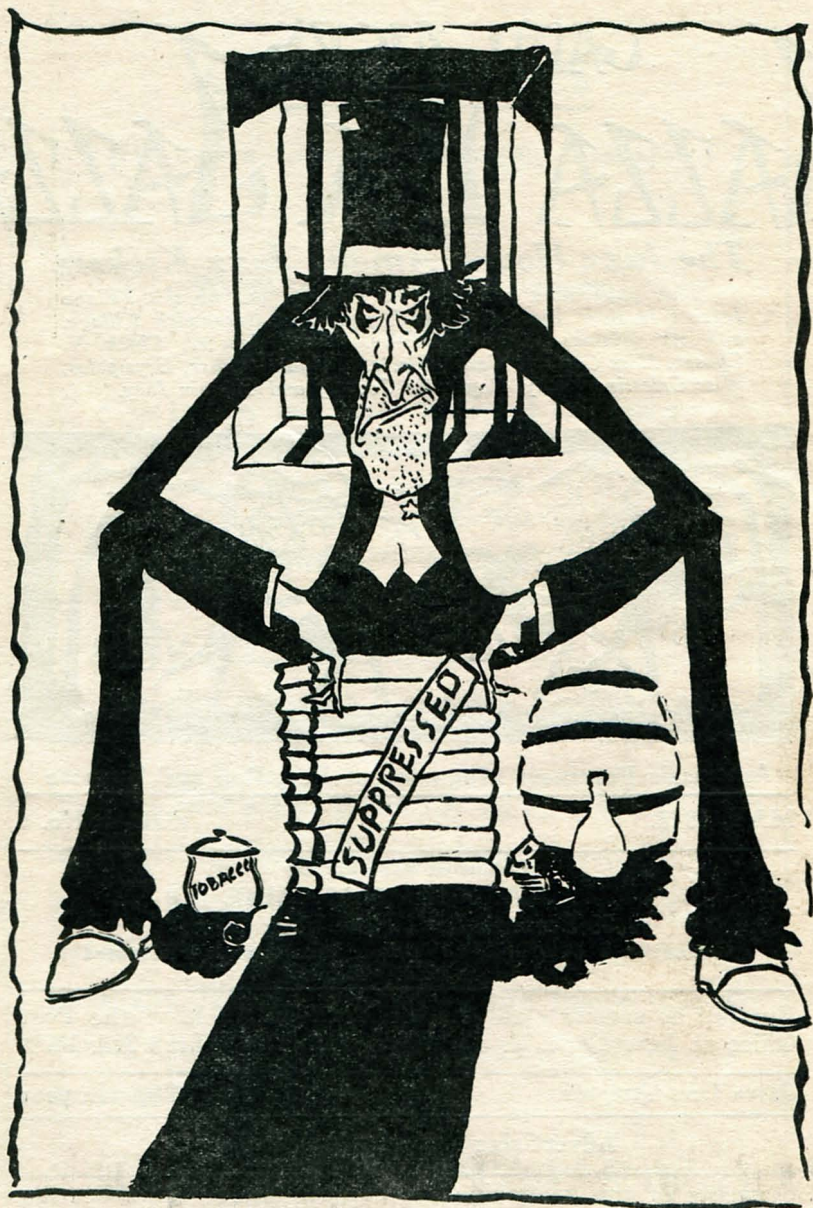
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Well? What Are You Going to Do About It?

Jazzings from Burten

WELL, I'm back from Cuba.
But boys the Cuba you imagine, ain't!
Ho-ho, ha-ha, he-he!!!

It's a joke and no mistake! A fine hoax it is for free liberty lovers whom Volstead and his pals have eliminated from the shores where New York Bay washes against the brick feet of the Statue of Liberty.

Cuba is Cuba, but for the whole island with all its personal liberties, I wouldn't trade one rock bound coast of Prohibition, nor blue-law Kansas nor the wastes of "Chi."

To cure I came; the Spics saw; and they conquered.

I imagined much and saw less! Of course there is booze. It comes to you from the moment the "mud hook" is thrown out after you pass Moro Castle. There are oodles of White Horse, Wilson, Haig and Haig, and all the Scotch and Irish names once treasured as household pets in the best of regulated bars. And, you can buy it anywhere from the Inglaterra Hotel to a seaman's *cantina*.

And of course there are the camp followers of booze—the dark skinned Havanan in all her Latin finery and exotic appeal.
But.

And now comes the rub!

It's so dammed mercenary.

Everything is free to us Americans! O yes, as free as walking into U. S. sub-treasury and carrying out a billion.

It is a *dinero* coin they want, and they do it in such an uncouth way, if you are an American. If, besides a nominal fee, you don't tip the driver of the gaily leathered and be-nickled Fords that taxi about the Plaza a couple of *pesos* you are a *peeg* (in Spanish).



Ah! fair brethern, in the eyes of these Latins, Americans are dogs after their money is mulced.

No tact, no diplomacy, about separation from the grand old eagles.

Far better for me to have my bootlegger bring me my quest of gin in my Den, and trust to luck, even if it is wood alcohol, than sojourn in this unappreciative land.

These raven-eyed Madonnas have the glint of love in their lamps, but the lust of gold in their hearts.

The war with Spain! Ah! yes to be sure, you Spanish-American "vets"—come over here for yourself and see how quickly that memorable struggle has been forgotten.

Hospitality! Cordiality on that account?

To them you are but an American until you spend your roll. Then you become a Gringo.

There are hundreds of Americans "on the beach" and they know, and I know.

Spend your money, boys, on our own bootleg moonshine, and on our own flappers and their more sober sisters. And let us pray for these small blessings.

For when you are broke, down there, they forget even the ordinary—

"Adios."

Well, boys, little Joey will be with you soon, and he'll have a sensation to spring on you next month that will knock a cock-eyed-bed-bug off a blind man's goulash.

Catch me in at my den, or leave your address in case you have a special brand of home-brew you wish me to sample or a sweet little sister that I can take on my "dead-head" tickets to Broadway.

And if I'm not around, Erysipelas will sample your hip juice and phone me that an old army pal is in town.

The old problem of why does a chicken cross the road has been solved. It's because she sees some fellow who looks like good pickings.



Famous Loves of History

ACT I

SCENE 1: (Curtain slowly rolls upward, showing Adam at side of Garden of Eden. A few weeds grow among the horse-radishes. The crab-apple tree is down stage. Adam is seen looking through the Babylonian Matrimonial Bureau. He gazes at a comely maiden's picture, marked "Queen of the Sahara," but passes on to a daguerreotype inscribed, "To My Loving Ad.)

(Serpent is seen galloping across the garden.)

Serpent: Master, his Honor Solomon has just radiophoned that his occult powers are valueless when it comes to damosels. You must make your own choice.

(Serpent seats himself at the feet of Adam, and starts playing put and take.)

Adam: Ah, the evolution of the African domino game. How we move towards progress! Probably before I shall cross the Styx I shall even see a stone razor.

(Whistle is heard off stage, accompanied by rumbling of cars.)

Adam: The Erie dinosaurs with the evening mail! Perchance—(Catches sight of maiden stepping from the Mesopotamian Railway.)—She staggers under a heavy load of fancy leaves from Damascus. Her ark locks are frizzed like the flappers of Smyrna, but her skin is the color of milk and honey.

Scene 2

(Adam under tree listening to radiophone advice from Solomon: Now, Ad, the duties of a young husband are—After you get your flappers—treat 'em tough, lie with the truth, kill 'em with kindness, rock 'em to sleep with rock and rye, give them nothing.

(Adam hangs up receiver on crab-apple tree—steals off



across the garden—finds serpent, armed with moonshine whiskey from the stills of Phraoh, and bootleg books, including the Sanscript original of Cap'n Joey's Jazza-Ka-Jazza. Turns pages rapidly.)

Adam: H-m! The coal man again! Methinks my soul mate Eve is enough fire without the coal man.

(Turns pages to the Loves of Rosatski.)

What a wicked place this Greenwich Village must be forsooth. It beateth the Dance of the Red Sea Sirens. Now to fortify myself for friend wife.

(Takes swig from bottle marked hard cider, and with hand on the serpent's tail they stagger across the unplowed garden.)

Scene 3

(Eve puts on scene with Adam—upraids him for being out with serpent—threatens to go home to mother.)

Adam: But you'll not go home before you return the clothes I picked for you.

Eve: Take your clothes back. (Tears the fig leaf off.)

Adam (as Eve starts out of the door): Aw! I didn't mean it, honey.

Eve (coming back into Adam's arms): I know it, pomegranate of mine; you men are all alike.

Mary Had a Little Calf

*Mary had a little calf,
Or rather two, by' heck!
And everywhere that Mary went
The birds would stretch their neck.*

*Mary took a stroll one day
Around a rural town,
And all the hicks did wink and grin,
And all the maids did frown.*

*Mary didn't care a bit,
She knew they were but rust,
So Mary let them wink and grin,
And frown, if frown they must.*

*...So twinkle, twinkle, little calves,
And let the people stare,
Oh, roll 'em down a little more,
For Mary doesn't care.*



Celestine Vichy Sportlets



GIRLS, the barrier is broken now, and the thoroughbreds will be running soon at all the Eastern tracks. Racing is some game. Race-horses are so human. I like 'em with their marvelous build and zip of life that they feel as they dash by the judges stands. They are like us, girls, the neater and the slender the build the greater the speed lines. And then, too, there is the good looking crowd, the beautiful women and their handsome companions. There you catch the spirit of gambling in the air like a nip of sherry to flavor an evening's entertainment.

I was down to the dock to see my friend Jack Dempsey board ship for dear old "Lun'un." Am sure Jackie will have a pleasant time, but it will not be in the ring.

Kid Celeste who recently went to Chi, reports that she was pinched for throwing a mean calf there. Well, I knew that she had a perfect thirty-six. But I thought that all this beauty displayed in ring tops, was allowed in the squared circle. However, I guess they'll have to deck us out in bloomers or pajamas, or a flapper's outfit, and yet look what they get away with in "The Demi-Virgin."

S'LONG.



The Little Word "Hell"

They say sometimes "It's cold as Hell,"
 Sometimes they say, "It's hot as Hell."
 It's also "Hell" when the weather is dry;
 When it rains hard, H"ell" they cry.
 They hate like "Hell" to see it snow,
 It's a "Hell of a Wind" when it starts to blow.
 Now "How in the Hell" can anyone tell,
 "What in the Hell" they mean by "Hell"?

This married life is "Hell," they say,
 When you come home late there's "Hell" to pay.
 It's "Hell" when the kid you have to tote—
 When he starts to howl, "It's a Hell of a note."
 It's "Hell" when the Doctor sends his bills,
 For a "Hell of a lot" of trips and pills.
 When you have these woes, you know real well,
 Just what is meant by this word "Hell."

"The Hell you don't" and "The Hell too,"
 "Hell, yes!" "Hell, no!" and "Oh Hell you do!"
 "What in the Hell" and "The Hell it is,"
 "The Hell with yours" and "The Hell with his,"
 And "What in the Hell" and "Oh Hell where?"
 And "What in the Hell do you think I care?"
 But the "Hell" of it is—It sure is "Hell,"
 We don't know what in the "Hell" is "Hell"!!!

P.S.—Ain't it "Hell"?

Verboten

To drink in the U. S. A.
 To chew in the U. S. A.
 To spit in Kansas.
 To smoke in Arkansas.
 To finale hop in Newark.
 To jazz in Flatbush.
 To flop in Greenwich Village.
 To swear in Kansas City, Mo.
 To cuss in the Y. M. C. A.
 To look at a leg in Chi.



Phoeny Fables

By Erysipelas

ALL that glitters is not gold." Neither is all that fizzes champagne, as the inhabitants of a Pennsylvania town have found out.

There is so much moonshine flowing wild that miners wear hip boots to keep the stuff out of their ears, while some of the prime spinsters of the Burg have formed a Vigilance Committee to trap the wiley bootlegger.

Recently two Lady Vigilanetts dropped into the railroad station to scout. A dapper young man rush in, slumped down his suit case and bought a ticket. Both ladies eyed him suspiciously and their vigilance increased as a small stream emerged from a corner of the suit case.

After a whispered consultation, one of the ladies remained to watch the suitcase while the other went in quest of the town constable, when that worthy arrived he insisted the suitcase be opened.

The young man vigorously protested that he had no hooch and asked, "Where is your authority to search my suitcase?" The trio acknowledged they had none, but were going to find out where he got the stuff.

The constable said, "I'm sure it is, booze," and sampled the evidence. One of the ladies thought it was like Three Star Hennessy but the other said it was more like Brandy. The constable with superior knowledge was sure it was Hard Cider.

While the debate was at its height, the approaching train was heard and the owner of the suitcase said, "To satisfy your curiosity, I will open it." They eagerly bent forward.

Up came a smiling puppy!

Moral: The cross-eyed bootlegger may be perfectly straight only he looks crooked.



Courting in Dixie

Every time Mandy was courted she came home full of chiggers, but refused to say where she had been.

True Confessions

Of a Broad Minded Broad from Broadway
(From My Diary)

It is Sunday and I have put on my gorgeous new spring frock. I can't resist the impulse to show off my lines, specially since my sweet daddy bought those new suede oxfords and tan hose.

The hair dresser gave my bobbed hair a real frizzing and it turns upward at the edge of my felt hat.

Last night, when Jack came, I changed my clothes for hiking togs and we hit for the Palisades.

As we were going down the railing of the cliffs just above Edgewater, some fresh bimbo's, better half piped at my limbs, "Ooh! I like those puttees or what's in 'em." J. made out as though he hadn't heard, but I think he did.

What's going to help the poor working girl if she hasn't got good looking legs in these hard times of corn liquor? At the jazz palaces it's no longer faces that count.

Coming down the cliffs, we gathered pussywillows. The grass is getting green, however, and how I like the grass to be like velvet when I lie on it.

Along the Hudson many of the boatowners were fitting their craft for the summer joys,—but oh, what folly is committed in the name of boating. They say, there's many a girl who walks home from an automobile ride, but I've known some who have gone boating, and ought to have swum ashore, but didn't.

And so we took our time back, and ate the few snacks Jack had with him, and stopped now and then behind a great granite pile to do a little loving, and so on to the ferry and home. Yes, Jack certainly loves his loving.

So I sit before the brazier and pull off my puttees and admire my white legs and I wonder why some men fall for us. Well—now to close my diary—then to bed and dream of Jack to come wooing me on the fire escape.



Just a Love Letter

My Dearest Little Love Girl:

It seems ages since I last heard from you, girlie, and I am tortured by the thought that even now you may be in some one's arms, else why I have I not received any of your little, charming missives of Love?

I long for you, sweetheart, . . . awake and asleep. I long to sense your lovely, divine presence near me with your fair smiling features; with those rosy dimples upon blushing cheeks; with your small pink ears almost hidden by luxurious hair; those mystic brown eyes in which one can read Love's desires; to clasp your fair exquisite form in a wild embrace while I inhale with delight, the sweet fragrance of the Orient of your pearly teeth; to kiss your blood-pounding temples as you place your arms caressingly about me, while your heart is a-flutter with throbs and palpitations, and call you My Own.

Little one, I want you and want you alone! I desire to have you, the only true love girl of my dreams, for my very own. You occupy my thoughts at all times and if you only knew how lonesome I was, . . . lonesome for you, . . . ah, well, what is the use? Cold, hard words in print look meaningless but if you, baby, could only realize my great love; the height of my passion, but, . . . this cannot be, with me so far away.

I wake from my sleep, dear, with outstretched arms, calling you, . . . calling in vain. I want you always, to hold and caress; to have you nestle your downy head upon my bosom breathing sighs of profound joy at my being near, to gaze down into the black liquid depths, neath soft shady lashes and forget all, in the wildest ecstasy of peace and contentment that Love alone can know.

For this, little girl of mine, I would traverse the vast domains of Hell.

Still, more gladly would I surrender my soul to Satan for one evening with you alone, under these Hawaiian skies, with Cynthi's mellow face beaming over Diamond Head and hear the surf come racing into destruction upon the sands; where



the tall, slender palms gently rock to and fro under the most gentle of southern zepthers; where the very air breathes romance; to have you beside me, clasped in each others arms, kisses intermingling with caresses; feeling each new sensation and thrill of exotic pleasure that permeates one's being, as the surf come racing into destruction upon the sands; where we answer to Love's call. For these, dear girl, I say again, I would give my soul to Lucifer.

Darling, I adore you, . . . oh, so much, but I must now hie away to slumbers, to dream dreams, . . . sweet dreams of you, my precious love girlie.

Write soon dear, to your beloved Hawaiian soldier man,
Yours for eternal love,
"The Moana," Honolulu, Oahu,
Hawaiian Islands.

Pull the Shades Down, Mary Ann

Over across the street where I live,
There's a young and beautiful maid.
And she's popular with the cake-eaters
For she doesn't pull down the shade.

Such a Figure !

A girl who wore a bathing suit of white,
'Twas rather small and also rather tight.
Her mother saw her and she raved and stormed.
"Don't worry," said the maid, "I'm deformed."

Two Weeks

First week of marriage: Moon of Honey.

Second week of marriage: Moon of Wormwood.

Hard Times (?)

A bimbo recently said he needed 5,000 iron men to go to Syracuse. There's a lot of fellows that go through college on a shoe-string, and sometimes someone steals their shoes.

The "kiki" blouse is now the new style for the flappers.



"The Marriage Bureau"

Scene—Municipal Building.

Place—Any live burg.

Time—Anxious.

Here they come on the run,
In they file,
In they pile
Each and everyone.

Some are tall and others small,
And from every race,
With keen anticipation
Writ on every face.

How they giggle and they wiggle
At this marriage market,
Makes you think the world's a jiggle
And just love the target.

Now the questions and the answers
Hit the merry throng.
How the old fools and the prancers
Hide what they think wrong.

Up they step with vim and pep
To have the knot adjusted.
If each knew the other's rep
The romance here'd be busted.

Ordeal over they're in clover,
Arm in arm they exit;
Neither cares to play the rover,
Wishing joy they now annex it.

One year later they're sedater,
Baby on the floor;
It's a starter and a baiter
For some seven more.

No more spooning, just soft crooning,
As the days they while;
If you ask them, "Where's the mooning?"
They'll point to the chil'.

—M. C.



Heard in a Department Store on Main Street

Sylvia: "Oh, Mabel! Did you really do it?"

"How long did it take?"

"Where you nervous?"

"Do you like it as much as you thought you would?"

"You do feel different afterwards, don't you?"

Mabel: "Yes, I had a funny sensation at first, but I'm quite used to it now," and with a toss of her head she proudly walked away to take a peek in the mirror at her bobbed hair.

Pocket Pool

POCKET POOL tourneys will be all the rage this season, and several leagues are now being formed. For the edification of the subterranean few, pocket pool is the great American game, similar to African golf, but a better indoor and outdoor entertainment.

PROFESSOR I. M. DUMM has written the following rules of game:

A foul is committed if players are in light places at wrong times.

Two players are not permitted to play at one time.

Golf

(Not African Golf.)

IT is tiresome, bothersome, worthless. The papers and magazines flaunt golf to the sky. But who in blazes plays it, anyhow? Let's have more attention to a he-man's game—boxing, football, baseball, even ping-pong or pocket pool, but forget the eighteenth hole. When one is old, with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, perhaps the ænemic pastime of the Scot will do. but as long as blood is red, let's play anything other than g-o-l-f. There is only one exception, and that for those of the weaker sex who have a well turned ankle and wish to indulge in a little poking. Others might better keep their legs encased in everyday clothes.



Average Weight of Chickens

(At Any City Market)

Ready dressed,	125 pounds
Negligee,	124 pounds
Ringside,	123½ pounds
Half-fed,	110 pounds
Pickled,	135 pounds
Millionaire's chickens,	124 pounds, net
Bootlegger's chickens,	126 pounds, plus

"Anti-Freak Jazzless Dancing List"

(Bill killed at New York State Capitol)

Vulgar music and immoral variations.

Cheek to cheek dancing.

Neck hold dancing.

Dancing or jerking upper body while taking short steps.

Dancing movements above the waist.

Dancing consisting of suggestive movements.

Crepe-de-Chine- Silhouettes

One summer evening a maid stood on a crest
A red, red sun was setting behind her in the West;
It made a most artistic, lovely scene.
For girlie's dress was made of crepe-de-chine.

Jack Dempsey

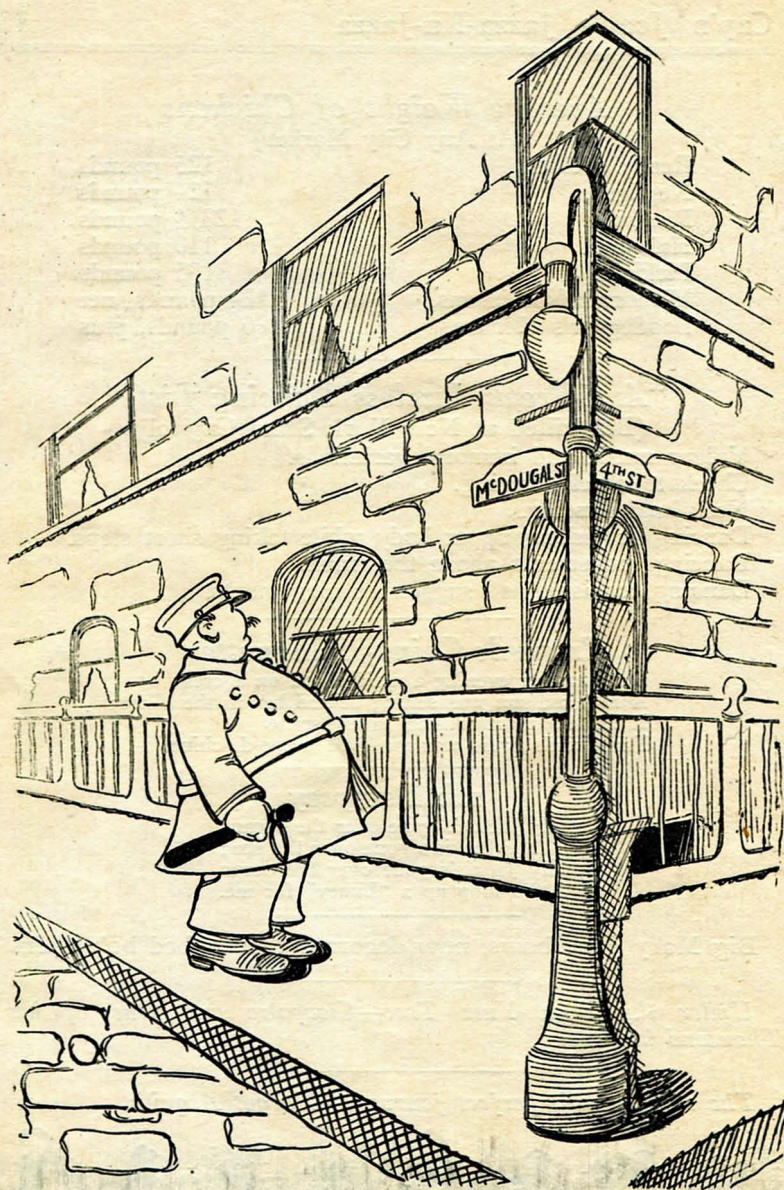
My Jackie's gone over the ocean;
My Jackie's gone over the sea;
My Jackie's gone over the ocean
To mop up a "Limey" for me.

Big Mary Jane bows, now decorate the bobbed bob-o-lets.

*Under the Yum Yum Tree—Cleopatra and One of her
Thousand knights.*

The end of an imperfect journey.—Margot Asquith.





Where's Cap'n Joey!

Reparations

Bootleggers are up in arms. They are preparing to combat the forces of the Prohibition agents. Every tree along the Canadian border will be a radio phone spotter. On the seas the fast sub-chasers, formerly in service against the Deutschland and its ilk, will fight it out with the prohibition flotilla for the mastery of the Prohibition seas.

Off Ambrose Channel the three-mile limit bootlegg boat will dispense choice liquors of the ancient past, surrounded by swarms of torpedo destroyers. Aeroplanes that used to transport booze from Bermuda, Tia Juana and Canade are being armed with Mausers, Lewis machine guns and Vickers. The town of "Valley Field" in Malon county, northern New York, bordering Canada, that has been termed "Bootleggers' Paradise," has requested the government authorities to separate it from the United States and call it the "Plebiscate of Prohibition." Ruled by ex-bartenders and successful bootleggers, the motto will be "Sixteen men on the dead man's chest, yo-o-ho and a bottle of rum." From the government capital will fly the emblem, "Up with our enemies, down with all liquor." Stills will be the popular form of home amusement. In summer, a resort on the outside of Malone will be called, "Cold Beer That Is Beer," and in winter, in the basement of the Prohibition Capital with the title, "Tom and Jerry."

Horse Sense

When the Skipper was down to the Mardi Gras in N'Aw-leans 'steen weeks ago he ran across Tad Gormley, one of the greatest trainers in Dixi. Tad uses considerable rubbing liniment for his work, and when the Cap saw him he asked: "Where do you get your stuff?"

To which Tad replied: "Why, boy, I get my rubbing liniment from the druggist, but we usually take the rub out of it."

Van Woods, the dispenser of drugs, stood alongside, and nodded in a knowing way.





Billy Shaw—"On Broadway"

Soldier of Fortuning in Central America

(Synopsis)—Captain Joey and his buddy Johnson, of World War experience, leave the United States for revolutionary Guatemala; working their way as seamen in order to be in time for the fighting which has been sweeping that country. After some personal experiences in Porto Barrios they start inland for the seat of the revolution. After an interesting journey, Captain Joey and his pal Johnson arrive at Guatemala. That night they visit the Plaza, mingling with the throngs. The town is filled with soldiers and everyone wearing the sign of Unionista on their straw hats. In this gay and colorful crowd, bent on making the most of a tropical carnival the Captain and his pal meet the passionate virgin, Isabelle.

My "buddy" and I went into the *callis* and for the first time saw the havoc wrought during the few days of the revolution.

To all reports the revolution had been a success and our mission was over, but before the close of the evening I was to know otherwise, and in an astonishing fashion.

The thoroughfares were thronged with victorious troops, 24-hour generals, and ten-hour captains, wiry Carib lads, recruits from coffee *fincas*, hill forest, desert and jungle. This night, flushed with the wine of success, they romped from *cantina* to *cantina* and from *senoritas* to *casas*.

In the hills, I learned, still remained scattered groups of the old regime. Former President Cabrera was in the city bastille awaiting trial for his life, while his generals and cabinet had either been slain or were flying to the hills.

Disembowelment was the favorite means in ridding the foe. Nothing crude about deaths in the Tropics, I thought to myself with considerable consternation, as I saw the body of a



slain warrior lying on the outskirts of town, with gruesome vultures picking flesh, and maggots crawling about.

God forbid such deaths to anyone.

A day later, I returned and only bones greeted my eyes.

I did not know whether it was ennui or stomach-ache but it was many hours before I could eat any more *frijoles*.

The two leading forts of the town, Las Palmas and San Jose, showed visible signs of battle. President Cabrera had barricaded himself at Las Palmas, which was also his palace, and had shelled the city. His troops were few in comparison with the *Unionista* force, and he was overwhelmed after a desperate engagement. But in all that fighting, one man emerged as probably the greatest character of the Tropics, next to General Lee Christmas, and he was an American, too. His name is Charles Denby.

His rise reads like fiction. Eleven years before, he had been a chauffeur in San Francisco. The son of President Cabrera brought him to Guatemala City to drive the presidential automobile. It was not long before Eduardo Denby, as he was called, rose in the presidential esteem, who placed favor and power in his path. At the time of the revolution Denby owned a *finca* worth half a million. At the first inklings of revolution, adherents of Caberera fell from him like chaff. Bullets whizzing about him, Denby assisted the President to safe quarters. With the revolution a success, Cabrera in jail, generals dead, army practically disbanded, Denby showed the real "guts" of an American. He dared the crowd who wanted his life and for fifteen minutes stood at the portal of the American embassy awaiting entrance. His arms folded, in front of him the jeering, murderous crowd, his composure baffled his worst enemies. They realized the brave *hombre Danby was*. At length the doors opened. Several days later the American was spirited from the country. And so passed one of the bravest soldier-of-fortuners of the Tropics.

On returning to our modest hotel I found a note pinned to my pillow, warning me that "gringos" were not wanted in the country, and that a *machette* was a swift end to foreigners.



Perhaps, I didn't sleep well for that reason. But in the darkest of the tropical night I awakened. Someone held a hand over my mouth. Then in Spanish, in an undertone, I heard:

"Silence, *Signor!*"

The voice was that of a woman's.

"Our friends are few, *Senor*," she said, "When we need you I will call again, I whom the soldiers call 'the passionate virgin, Isabelle.'"

She released her hand. My room door squeaked slightly, and for a moment the silhouette of a woman faintly showed against the bit of light in the hall, a woman strangely out of proportion with the natives.

But I had not seen the last of the passionate virgin, Isabelle!

Amour a la Plumber

Charlie Getsum, expert plumber, who hardly ever missed,
Met a nifty phone girl by the name of Tessy Twist,
Says he to her, 'D'ye get me, Tess?'
She softly answered, "Yes."

The date was made behind the shade,
Far fetched from fear of raid,
And if I mentioned "the" Hotel
You'd probably know it well.

Next morn 'bout 'leven-forty-five,
When noon hour crowds arrive,
Brave Charlie with his hungry bride
Did exit on the "side."

With furtive look their limbs they shook
Of this one shady nook,
And each their way with no delay
Went forth to start the day.

When Boss asked, "Why so late?"
He winked his eye,
Said, "Hope to die!"
'Twas just a plumber's date."

—M. C.





Warburton Gamble and Violet Heming in "The Rubicon."—(Just Before)

Story of "The Rubicon"

Play by Henry Bourdet—Adapted by Henry Baron
("Jazza-Ka-Jazza" version)

By "OPTIC"

Scene—September evening in Paris at newlywed's private party in their apartment.

(Atmosphere)—One lone bedroom for Wifie, and one uncomfortable day bed for Hubby.

Those present :

Husband and Wife.

Wife's mother and father.

Wife's boyhood friend.

Wife's several lady friends.

The guests having arrived, the party is on.

The party doesn't seem to liven up as expected, so hubby suggests a game of Post Office, or "Who gets kissed." Wifie's mother seconds the motion, and the game begins.

Hubby then names Wifie for his first choice. Wifie doesn't know much about the game, and, feeling exceptionally nervous over the fact, refuses to play.

All the guests are very disappointed at her attitude and hubby is disgusted. Mother tries to persuade daughter not to spoil party, but daughter still holds out.

Boyhood friend, for whom Wifie has the greatest admiration, then whispers in her ear, asking her if she will play with him.

Being greatly attached to boyhood friend, and not feeling so nervous about it with him, Wifie consents.

He is highly flattered and congratulates her on decision.



On second thought boyhood friend, realizing that Hubby would be quite sore, prevails upon Wifie to play with hubby first.

On his account she agrees to do it.

Friend then gives her beautiful red rose, telling her it will give her courage.

With rose in hand Wifie glides around in wondering expectancy.

She now adopts new attitude towards Hubby, and he is pleasantly surprised.

Wifie then requests Hubby to give her a glass of champagne.

With trembling hands he pours for her a full glass of the sparkling joy-juice, then another and another, 'till she becomes quite happy and silly.

Taking advantage of her condition Hubby caresses Wifie's bare shoulder. She now begins to experience a real desire to play the game.

Hubby, taking advantage of his chance, and fearing change of mind on her part, gathers her up in his manly arms and rushes behind curtain.

Having forgotten her red rose, however, she sends hubby back for it.

Scene (next morning)—(Conversation at breakfast table.)

Wifie and Hubby, between cups of java, discuss party. Both very hungry.

Hubby compliments Wifie on remarkable showing in her first game.

She appears particularly light-hearted and joyful over the fact that she has for once in her life discovered her ideal house-party game.

Wifie's dear mother and father call same morning and congratulate Wifie on her change of attitude at party.

Boyhood friend also calls, and claims fulfillment of Wifie's promise to play game with him.

Wifie, being entirely satisfied with Hubby's kisses, flatly refuses.



Week-faced boyhood friend then gracefully withdraws from scene, leaving supreme players in each other's embrace to happily play together, forever after.

Jazzy Germs from "The Rubicon"

Former sweetheart to rubi-virgin wife)—How I suffered that day and *night* you were married.

(Husband to rubi-virgin wife—after she had drunk a few glasses of champagne, and he had none). It's you that's been drinking—and I'm the one who is intoxicated.

He: Just another minute I'll lose my self-control.

(Wife's mother to daughter's former sweetheart). No, she can't see you this morning. She's rather tired.

(Former sweetheart to rubi-virgin wife). So you are going to Italy again for a second honeymoon. How's that?

She: Oh! We were there too soon before.

Question Puzzles from "The Rubicon"

When is your husband your husband?

What do we mean when we say that we love a person, but not to that extent?

(Advice to Flappers)

Prologue: When you give your hand in marriage, that does not necessarily mean that you have to give anything else.

Advice to Rubi?Virgin Wives

Be prepared to satisfy any of his whims and be ready for anything.

Don't ever keep your demi-husband in a state of nervous expectation.

If you love him, be *kind* to him; also be *brave*.

If you are in search of more thrills without endangering your reputation, try acting in some amateur society shows. These functions have their uses and are safety valves.



Bernice

Bernice is the Bernice of Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard, who flutters from table to table of tea rooms, dances on parquet floors of bizarre rendezvous where pro-Volstead concoctions are sipped, or speeds through the suburban district behind the wheel of an eight-cylinder. In the Gopher Prairies sipping pink saccharinity at the onyx soda fountains of the leading drug emporiums, she is the adolescent female that modern vernacular and twentieth century clothes have named a flapper.

The Bernice who stalked into Van Huyten's on Fifth Avenue, where one could indulge in the indoor sport of the syncopated fox-trot, might have been any of her debutante sisters of Frisco or Oshkosh.

Judged by the cropped hair, with aid of paint, lip-stick and eye-pencil, Bernice would have been termed pretty. To discern her features would have prompted one to call her a Madonna. But she would have been known as a vamp with the knee-high skirt that allowed a display of rounded calves.

She was nineteen and *knew* it. To her the philosophy of the sages was an open scroll; even the commandments a bit of drollery. All she had been taught at school was a voracious appetite for bitter-sweet chocolates and the manly sport of self-defense, for which she possessed a latent desire. Although her eyes were potent with innocence, at intervals they flashed a wisdom far beyond her years that could not be masked.

To-day the tea parlor was thronged. The ebony orchestra was rendering the popular Bacchanalian jazz. As Bernice reached the only vacant table she was accosted by a dilettante young man who advanced toward her.

Observing his destination, the girl this evening resented seeing him. She was to meet Juan Hermenez, friend of her childhood whom she had not seen in years.

"I'm so glad to see you, Bernice," he said, and took her clinging hand, pressing it in a superficial manner.

His sleek appearance, oiled hair, well-tailored clothes bespoke no physical ability other than a dance lizard. Since his mother bore him he had contributed nothing to society. The





Jane King in "Letty Pepper."

Virgil Holmes are on the Main Streets of every town, well dressed but minus pecuniary funds. They congregate the tea rooms and dance halls, while the plebeians of the species linger over green cloths with cue in hand or sit at the rounded card tables in the rear of the billiard halls.

In the far end the colored orchestra brayed anew in a jazzing rigadloon that flouted the false moons of incandescents, and swirled the sophisticated to memories of a shimmering pond, figures and moonlight denouements. The couples on the floor were shaking arms, legs, hips, shoulders—mannikins with faces glued to each other.

"Can I have this jazz, Bernice?" queried Virgil, taking her hand.

Nodding, the girl put forward her bare arms and the young man grasped her to him, pirouetting into the throng. Every movement of the dancing lizard she followed, swaying, toddling, dipping, and now and then with a flutter of skirts that disclosed her dimpled knees. His chin touched the soft silkiness of hair where the frizzed edges swept upward. Her body was crushed close in embrace; her limbs flitted in consort with his. Notwithstanding the rearing of heredity and environment, she knew by intuition the temptation she presented to Virgil. With a final rhapsody the musicians ceased and she was led to the corner table.

Bernice's partner waited until they were seated before mentioning what he had in mind. "Why did you seem out of sorts with me to-day?" he questioned, looking into her eyes.

She surveyed him in a puzzled fashion.

"No, Virgie, I think you must be mistaken," she prevaricated, her cool eyes glancing into his. "I must have been thinking of my friend of teeny-weeny days whom I'm to meet here."

A frown passed over the man's features.

"A friend?"

"Yes," was the return, removing from the mesh-bag a gold-tipped Milo.

"You see, Juan and I grew up together on my father's *finca*. Dad was from the States, one of the engineers who built the railroad for the United Fruit. Then he met mother, a jungle Carib,



with the elusiveness of the jungle clinging to her. When I was ten Dad took me North to school. But according to the custom of the Latins, Juan and I have been betrothed since the days when we first swam in the lagoon."

"Betrothed?"

"Certainly. But I don't have to keep it. When I marry it'll be a *man*. I don't care if it's to slave over a gas range in the Bronx or tote *frijoles* on my head like my mother's folks. What do I care if the air is damp, my feet shoeless, for death comes early to us childrn of the tropics. To me a Paris creation or a loin cloth are one. It is only *who* is the man for whom I wear my clothes?"

Cecil peered into her brown features and placed a manicured hand over hers.

"A man?" he pleaded. "Take me. I've wealth, position—everything."

Something akin to ennui shadowed her mobile features. She tossed her cropped locks and the veins of a graceful neck stood out in relief.

From the entrance came the prattle of voices to where a young man was making his way. His face was nut-brown and he wore a satin sash about his waist, like a true *callaberro* of the Southland. Midway between the tables a waiter stopped him. Then another. In a moment the two were escorting the stranger to the door.

"*Señor*, I have an engagement here!" she heard him say.

One of the waiters, toying with the band about his waist, returned: "But, sir, your clothes; this costume is not permitted here."

Close to the door stood a small alcove where sequestered couples dined. To-day it was empty, and the young fellow backed into it, planted his feet, and informed the two that he would not move.

By this time the music ceased and the musicians became spectators. The feet of the jazzers were motionless.

"I've come five thousand miles to this *cantina*," the stranger informed them, "and you all are not going to stop me."





Betty Brown in "Rose of Stamboul."

At this moment the head waiter and another assistant hurried up and made for him. It was then the owner of the sash became a mass of heaving arms. Over keeled the paunchy *maitre d'hôtel*, felled by a blow in the softest part of his abdomen, while his lieutenants were flaying blows on the stranger's head and face. The jazzing audience was cheering him to inflict further punishment. They crowded close and even held back another waiter who would have charged into the fray.

Came shouts of encouragement: "Attaboy!" chirped a demure debbie, "soak the other gink." And then the sally of a flapper: "Sock him on the bean!"

The brown hand of the stranger moved. There was a sickening thud as flesh met flesh, for his hand had traveled downward to the chin of one of the waiters, causing him to lose his grasp. The other waiter, however, manouvering to the side, picked up a jardiniere that stood there, and, to the consternation of the crowd, crashed it on the stranger's head. He fell, silent and inert.

The sudden climax held the spectators spellbound.

During the encounter Bernice, who had been held speechless, fumed with anger. Her little body was passionate with nervousness. Her bosom heaved.

"There!" she cried at her escort, "is my *man*. "She shoved through the throng and up to the waiter, who still stood towering over the stranger's prone figure.

She flung herself at him, her eyes flashing fire.

"You damn dirty cad!" she cried. For the minute the many eyes of Broadway habitués turned toward her. Once again she became a nomad of the jungle, an Amazon of the Tropics, barbaric, cruel, vindictive, fighting for her mate.

Her small fist struck out and a blow leaped at the waiter with all her weight packed behind it. The thud resounded over the hushed tea room, and the waiter crumpled motionless.

Then with a sob she dropped to her knees and took the stranger's bleeding head in her lap, making futile attempts with her tiny handkerchief to staunch the flow of blood. Under her breath she was murmuring:

"Juan, my *hombre*, Juan."





"Lost Labor"

Cap'n Joey and the entire Jazza family, including Celestine Vichy, the demure prize-fighting "deb," Chick N. Chaser, Rozatski and all the little ones attended the Quat's Arts Ball, the great festive rout of the Village, at Tammany Hall recently. Suffice to say the Jazza den did not see any labor the next week.



Greenwich Village from the Rear

The "rear" of Greenwich Village! There "ain't no such animal. There are side exposures and southern exposures, but the rear is more of a blind for Sicilian bootleggers wandering from their preserves.

However, if one steals on the "Willage" from behind Washington Arch, some around the Inn run by the Mayor might term it "rear." So come along any night, if you will, when Erysipelas, Dean S—— and the Cap'n make their assault from Macdougall Street, tarrying in the Italian settlement for liquid refreshment of *vino*.

Thus, well fortified, you will find the three at last emerge from the shadows and attain the corner of Third Street, where once ran the greatest foe of Prohibition. But the cafe now is full of cobwebs, and the Martinis that once romped across the bar, the gin rickeys, and the schooners have been wrecked on the bar of the Volstead embargo. Gone are the literate who shoved belly-deep and drank 'em down. Gone are the boys with prosperity to better hovels than the Village, but the old saloon alone stands a relic of the night life that is gone. So passes the memory of the rendezvous where once gathered embryo authors, half-demented poets and misnamed artists!

Then comes a few of the tea shops that the Villagers taboo.

The Provincetown Theater is dark to-night, after its creditable run of "The Hairy Ape." Thus we meander to the Square and lose ourselves in its environs.

Advice to Budding Authors

The first motto of Greenwich Village writers:.. *Be sure to insure your stuff. Always figure high with the express companies, for in case of loss you can make fifty or one hundred iron men very easily.*



The Loves of Rosatski

By B. V. D.

Peter Rosatski, ex-artist, hastily ambled over the house-tops.

At length he paused his mad meanderings. He was brought up short by a large sky-light, through which he was able to peer down into the studio below. There he could perceive the staring eyes of our would be infamous hero. This had recently been the scene of a pastel debauchery. A crude attempt at a sketch showed an easel depicting a maiden fair, wreathed as Mother Eve under a Crab-apple tree.

As our hero continued to gaze, the face seemed to charm him. It seemed to assume a spiritual appearance, almost Madonna-like. It might have been Eve, herself, stepping from the walls of some fat friar's beer-cellar.

All of a sudden the humble velvet curtains of the stern sheets of this sea-going studio were thrust back, and a slightly-clad figure stepped forth. Her eyes suddenly lit with pleasure, a candle seeming to gleam in every orb.

"Ah!" thought humble Pete, his heart quaking with pitty pats. "She sees me, she knows me, she is mine!"

At this moment the calloused heart of Peter Rosatski unbent like the weeping willow along the murmuring water of the placid pond. And, unenlightened reader, the heart of Pete tore itself from the groove in which it had reclined and again throbbed with the twitterings of an amorous exultation. Ah! what a canvas for a Whistler to sketch or a Poe to pen.

The beauty in the studio held the gaze a moment longer, then finally relaxed.

Rosatski at this point saw the features of Eve change from the Madonna type to a wastrel of the gutter, as she took a stick of gum from her Onyx. Her face quietly worked her Spearmint, and wrinkled with pleasure as she chewed her cud like the cow-sister of the clover meadows.

Now Pete fell in love with this young, lithe goddess. He admired her lines. He saw her beauty as none other might ever discern her. Obsessed with the idea of ownership, he



was about to speak to the lady of love, when the studio became filled with another figure, a he-man, tall, arrogant and wearing a smock.

For a moment the man and maiden gesticulated, waving arms and crying. He reached for her. She stood him off. He tussled with her, and she made fierce efforts to withstand his attack.

Rosatski was riveted to his place, speechless from the orgy that was being committed in his presence. He could do nothing. This puesday artist now showed himself to be but an assaulter of the weak.

The artist then shoved her into a chair and was forcing his attention on her. His hands bent back the ivory arms of the maiden who was fighting a losing battle. At last with strength ebbed from her limbs, she lay quiet, subdued, motionless.

Into our hero's stirring heart came the love that ushers from the depths within. To be cruelly assaulted. No! No! Just as with strained effort he started to plunge downward in order to save the maiden's honor, he heard her voice.

"Say!" she cried at the artist who hovered over her, "for cripes sake! how long do you think I'm going to hold this pose for the tree dollars you promised me?"

The artist picked up his brushes and began work, while Pete, our hero, his head between his tail, slunk over the house-tops to the nearest fire escape.

Cap'n Joey was talking to his lieutenant Slager in the Three Steps Down restaurant the other day, between glasses of water. Said the Skipper: "I see where the 'Hot Pup' stole my bee story and hashed it out in other forms." Said Slager: "It's like the Coal Man. They all got stung by a good thing."

A certain damosel who was a reader of Hot Pup recently married. It wouldn't be out of the way for her to have puppies in the near future.



One Thousand and One Greenwich Village Nights

(Beginning a new series of Greenwich Village tales by an old Villager.)

SINBAD the Sailor is gone and Bluebeard no longer entertains his wives in the merry fashions of yore, but still the Metropolis is mysterious with adventure and new Caliphs in new Bagdads seek a rendezvous with the capricious creature. . . . Some pursue her every night in the streets of the City, others lie in wait for her in the palaces of the mighty and some by flickering candles in the places of the lowly . . . all hoping to capture her . . . to pluck some prize from her before dawn . . . and escape. . . .

One of these new Caliphs was an artist who nightly occupied a table in a cafe located in New York's Latin Quarter. . . . He was, in measures of gold, a poor Caliph, which forced him to frequent this dimly lit place of doubtful purpose, where strange people conversed in low voices about mad subjects and candle flames shuddered in fear of things that lurked in the dark . . . where tobacco smoke swirled in eddying circles about grotesque decorations and cynic intelligensia mouthed words as dry as paper. . . . This was the place where the Caliph sought, and often found, the Sprite adventure.

A winter's night found him in the cafe, nodding over an ancient book, before the fire-place that wafted smoke into the eyes of the unwary. . . . His spectacles reflected the flames in two gleaming orbs that transformed him into the likeness of some strange being from another existence contemplating the mysteries of life on this planet. Vague, half forgotten memories perturbed his thoughts—mad philosophies idly wandered



through weird ratiocinations until speculations were abruptly broken by an icy blast of air and the slamming of the door.

The atmosphere was at once filled with the hub-bub of a slumming party . . . scared giggling of unsophisticated flappers . . . high pitched voices of old women who had suppressed no desires, mingled with the strident boastful shouts of men sans intelligence. . . . A tired crowd, bored with their weary existence of limited pleasures . . . looking for new pleasures in the places they had heard were without the limits that bound them to their oar in the dreadful Galley of Life. . . . Tired . . . and yet concealing their weariness behind a mask of clumsy buffoonry, loud laughter and bootleg whiskey . . . :

"Hey, Waiter. How about something with a kick in it? Yuh ain't got none?"

"Where do yuh get that stuff? All of these Bohemian hang-outs are sellin'."

"Aw, what's the use? He thinks we're a gang of revenooers. . . . Might as well have coffee n' cake all around."

"O, look at that naked woman on the wall."

"Aint these Bohemians immoral though?"

"Brazen creature."

Low and furtive whispers among the men with sly glances at the picture, then: "Haw, haw . . . do yuh remember the time . . ."

"Now just look at them men, will you?"

"Gee, this coffee looks like ink."

"O, John, . . . look at that fellow with the book over by the fire."

"I'll bet he's one of them intelligensia I've read about . . . full of immoral ideas . . . Bolshevism n' such."

"Yeh. But hes got nic'e eyes."

"He looks like there was nothing in life for him no more."

"Heavens. How he could make love."

"I'll bet he knows stories of goings-on in this section that would make your hair stand' up."

"Let's call him over."

"Sure, give him a drink and he'll welcome us like brothers."



These Bohemians ud do an'ything for a drink . . . souses."

"Hey, you! Do yuh wanna come over to our table?"

Usually the Caliph would have ignored the advances of vulgarians, but among this group there sat a woman that interested him. . . . His investigations in sex-psychology had lagged recently for lack of new material and here was a type that presented interesting variations . . . then . . . who knows what could happen? So, with the cool appearance of a scientific investigator he folded his book, and said: "Certainly. . . . Why not?"

"Have a little shot of this. . . . No wood in it."

The Caliph was by no means a souse, as the crowd implied, nor was a sup of the forbidden juice a thing despised. He drank with a murmured "Prosit" to the woman who interested. . . . Flasks passed about . . . sublimated emotions crept out of vile hiding places . . . erotic radiations thrilled the flesh. . . .

"Say! Caliph, you ought to know some good hot stories about wild studio parties and other things we don't know nothing about where we live."

Caliph answered:

"Well, my twenty-six years of life have not been entirely without interest."

"O, won't you tell us about one Mister Caliph??"

"Possibly. . . . This liquor is of a quality that loosens the tongue . . . revives faded memories . . . and today is the day after the Artist's Ball. . . . I shall tell you a tale that was only completed this morning. . . . in that hour when the grey dawn creeps in the windows and the illusions of the night vanish in the fogs of memory. . . ."

"The ball-room was crowded last night, with a madly costumed crowd of artists and followers of artists . . . music and the roar of voices almost submerged the clink of glasses rubbing shoulders with bottles. . . . Wine intrigued me to one of the tables in an alcove. . . . I ordered a bottle of the red vintage and was about to lift the second glass to my lips when an exceedingly pleasant voice floated softly into my ear. . . . It said nothing important or startling. . . . Merely: "Have you a match, Sir?""



"The owner of the voice was a small, frail chap about twenty-five years old, handsome, though dressed in ill-fitting clothes. . . . His face and the expression in his eyes held a peculiar facination for me. . . . Some hint of an exotic age . . . of savagery lurked in his features. . . . His eyes were large and black as night . . . twisted with a world of unhappiness and grief intermingled with the slumbering fires that I could well imagine once burned in the eyes of more primitive men. . . . He was obviously lonely and eager for a sympathetic listener. . . . Why not act as a listener to his story, thought I? . . . Surely a person who has the appearance of belonging to strange races of forgotten people must have a good tale to tell. . . . Heeding the thought, I snared him into a conversation with some trivial remark about the progress of the ball . . . soon we were talking in the most intimate terms. . . . Wine, too, oiled the hinges of his tongue and eventually it wagged out this tale of life:

"A few months past, he had an ill-paid position in some God-forsaken village in the Northwest . . . thirty-five hundred miles from New York. The metropolis seemed further away than Heaven to him in his loneliness too! . . . Imagine an educated man buried in the middle of a desert with a few hundred oafs for companions, particularly after spending a number of years in the hectic atmosphere of Greenwich Village. . . ."

"Many a lonely night vanished in the sweat of a sweltering day. . . . Then the woman came on the scene. . . . She had known him in New York . . . not very intimately . . . they traveled in different circles there. . . . She was a member of the fast crowd that drank deep and lived out a philosophy of merriment while he ran with a crowd of poseurs and aspirants to the title of intellectual. . . . But here . . . with solitude . . . they became intimate. . . . She found him necessary to ward off the terrible boredom that etherized the town and he, simple fellow, was swept away from reason by his loneliness and his primitive emotions. . . . Yes. He fell in love with her."

"She had money too, and when she tired of the village and him, she simply purchased a through Pullman ticket to New York. Of course he was hard hit. . . . he wanted to go back



to the city with her, but lack of money held him to that cursed spot which would be doubly lonesome after she left. She smothered him with affection but told him there was no way of consummating their desire of being together in New York, unless he walked. Said she had not enough money to pay his fare but if he cared to walk she would send him money if by chance he fell into hard luck along the way. If his love for her was as great as he claimed, would not he be willing to walk a few thousand miles for her? No?"

"They started together to travel over thirty-five hundred miles to the City . . . she reclining amid the luxury of an express and he plodding through the mud of crooked roads . . . with a pack on his back and hope in his heart. Every night he would write her a letter telling her how many miles he had covered toward her that day. . . . The letters, fifty or more, . . . missives that chronicled bitter pain . . . missives stained with the dust of the road, were the record of a foot-sore hope. . . . Once he asked her for money when he was arrested for vagrancy in Indiana. . . . She ignored him . . . neither did she answer any of his letters. . . .

"He finally overcame the terrors of distance and one dawn found him striding eagerly into the City. . . . It would not be long now . . . he and the lady fair would soon be one. . . . He knew the cafe she frequented and that night he would be there, too. . . . He was. . . . Night discovered him sitting alone in the corner, chaffing with eagerness . . . fierce emotions long chained, sought expression. . . .

"A medley of laughter floated through the door . . . someone is coming. . . . Who is this person . . . in the midst of that happy group? Why! It is she! . . . surrounded by the old friends that drank and made merry by night. He rushed up to her . . . the crowd was surprised into silence by this wild and dusty apparition. . . . He gasped out her name in a glad welcoming shout. . . . But she was not one bit agitated . . . quite coolly the words dropped from her lips: "You damned bum, asked a woman to get you out of jail. Beat it!"

"Yes, that was all. O! About my adventure just before dawn I do not think I had better tell you, but tomor-



row if you will come here I shall relate the Tale of the Naked Man and the Bootlegger."

"Sure."

"The Fall of Jazzabo"

By Wally K. Pfuzzle

NEATH an artificial moon
In the heart of Jazzaland
Jazzabo, a gay buffoon,
Entertains a giddy band.

Jazzablonds and Jazzbrunettes,
Jazzajins and Jazzabets,
Jazza Jacks with Jazzanells,
Jazz awhile the music swells.

Round and round they swirl and sway
While the mad musicians play,
To and fro, and in and out;
How the merry watchers shout.

Is it Egypt by the Nile
Or some wicked South sea isle?
Or the wilds of Borneo
Many thousand years ago?

Jazzabelle's the honored guest
Purple violets at her breast,
All aglow with Jazz and wine,
She is handing them her line.

Ne'er was flapper half so fair,
Graceful arms and shoulders bare,
Perm'nent wave on hair renowned
Fluffs her lovely neck around.

Take a squint at Jazzabo,
Hear him holler: "Let 'er go!"
He is wassail as a loon;
He is swassy from the prune.

See him trot with Jazzabelle,
They can Jazz and do it well,
Cheek to cheek and knee to knee
Like two monkeys up a tree.



Watch her cuddle up to him,
 She can shake a wicked shin.
 How they know it—oh,—so well
 If it's heaven or it's hell.

Now she hits it up a peg
 She can sure lift some mean leg;
 She can wriggle like an eel;
 She knows just what will appeal.

Jazzabo has lost his head,
 From the nose up he is dead.
 For her stuff, like any rube,
 He falls hard like some big boob.

Boldly to his fate he goes,
 Minus clothes beneath his nose,
 And like poor fish in the brook
 Swallows sinker, bait and hook.

"The Smoke That Once Through" Whittier's Halls

(On learning that students are not allowed to smoke in dormitories at Columbia.)

The smoke that once through Whittier's halls
 The soul of 'bacco shed;
 No more it floats along the walls,
 To gather overhead;
 Gone is the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And girls who once the weed did praise
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to matron ladies bright
 The smoke of Whittier swells;
 The sweet, pure air that floats aright,
 Its tale of sadness tells.
 Thus "Matron" now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some maid indignant breaks
 To show that she still lives!

Vincent Lopez, Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra leader, says
 his boys are very fond of playing pocket pool between pieces.



Razzorial

There is with us the clamoring ballyhoo of foreigners!

Why isn't there a barrage put down to stop the invasion of our shores by Europeans who want to show us how to live?

Lady Asquith, after foaming at the mouth from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, has gone. Thanks!

We acknowledge no "Lady" 'here save one—the first Lady of the Country, the mistress of the White House.

Now comes another Lady, born in this country, but the lure of a title weaned her across the pond.

It is too soon to prophecy, but she, too, probably will ballyhoo and condemn.

Isn't it time they tried to save their own fish? There's a lot of them over there, and some are dirty behind the ears.

When we need help, we'll radio from Hell.

There are some who imagine this is a cheap vaudeville circuit, where yokels come fast and funds come speedier. 'Taint!

Keep that hammer on the shelf; keep away from back-door gossip, and let's give "Fatty" his chance.

Let's **not** make a national Razzorial of "Fatty" Arbuckle and his recent release.

In justice to twelve good men and true who acquitted him of the charge of murder, let's give him the chance to make good.

Let's have him laugh again for us in this ocean of sorrow; his value on the screen is worth a thousand doctors.

Many innocent men have been convicted, and many are condemned. In the eyes of the law Arbuckle is innocent. So let it be.

Oh Horrors!

My friend Charley Sumner reads all the issues of Jazza-Ka-Jazza. Why doesn't he subscribe by the year? Charlie tried to put ye editor in jail. Naughty, naughty Charlie!



The Kicker

By Roger DeCoverly

IF you meet an old friend who was always "down and out," and now is well dressed and drives a car, etc., etc., and he starts to tell you what he's doing, stop him and merely ask, "Bootlegging?" and the invariable answer is, "Yes."

The philosophers used to say that "crime increases with the price of bread." To-day it would be said, "crime increases with the cost of living." Can't the "smart people" see that unemployment, insufficient wages, too high rent, might make some people thieves and robbers? What's the matter with all the "smart people?" Maybe they are not so smart.

General Semenoff of Siberia fame in Ludlow Street Jail was the funniest thing since King George lost his American Colonies, but a surety company refusing to provide bail on "patriotic grounds" is damnable just the same.

A baby starving a thousand miles away is hard to visualize, but is that any reason why we should not help feed them, even if they are Russian, German, Hungarian, Chinese or East Indian? But home babies, and fathers and mothers should not be forgotten in these days of unemployment, the high cost of living and rapacious landlords.

Men are still in jail for having expressed honest opinions in war times. Some didn't even do that much. How many trust magnates are in jail? How many war profiteers or "dollar-a-year" patriots? But then, an expressed opinion is the most dangerous thing in the world.

If you believe in voting, at the next election vote against every man who is holding office to-day, be he Congressman, Senator, Judge or Assemblyman, with perhaps the exception of Robert La Follette and James A. Reed, who will run for United States Senate. Thumbs down for all the rest. Then wait till 1924 for a real party of the workers, perhaps. Here's hoping.

The Genoa Conference reminds me of a thief who stole an elephant, and then found he had got more than he could carry away and wanted some one to help him let go. Russia, China, Korea, India, Germany, Egypt, Africa and Ireland is pretty big loot even in these days of bootlegging and holdups in New York.





The Jazz Hound on Broadway

TAKE it from me, fellows and flappers, Broadway is Broadway once and forever.

One don't have to put two bucks plus war tax to see that the bunco way is an act itself—The life, the pep, the sparkle of our men, our women, our entertainment places—It is life.

Throw out your chest boys, like we did in the war. Get big draughts of the White Way by the “roaring” forties or the “nifty” fifties, and it's a grand and glorious feeling.

If you have the jack a show will entertain or keen wrestling will tickle your palate, or provide entertainment for the tingling feeling you have in your feet.

And if you haven't jack, you can have just as good a time by mingling in the crowds—no, not “dips” kind reader.

East or West, South or Canada, Broadway is Broadway.

It will make you or break you, take you or stake you.

It's like a big crap game. You shoot the works or nothing.

So when you go to Broadway to sing, or have your fling, you'll find Broadway is Broadway.

Not by Us, Anyway

The ladies' styles reveal
Quite as much as they conceal;
This is a fact, I think, by all conceded.
And though they're partly dressed,
Imagination does not rest.
I do not think an x-ray's really needed.



Drinkin' Up the Rye

Gin a body, meet a body,
 Drinkin' up his rye,
 Gin a body, help a body,
 Need a body sigh?

Chorus: Every missil has a nippil; None they say, has I;
 Yet a' the lads they beck at me, when drinkin' up their rye.
 Among the grain there is a strain I clearly lo'e mysel',
 But whaur the strain, or what the name,
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body, meet a body,
 Drinking up the moon,
 Gin a body, help a body,
 Need a body swoon?

The new fad of wearing jingle bells on garters makes one
 imagine it's Santa Claus time. Bet old Santa will blush when
 he hangs 'em where they belong.

*The Freedom of the seas
 And the Freedom of the knees
 Feels the Freedom of the breeze
 And the Freedom of the flees.*

*Broadway men have Flapper Eyes and Hollywood actresses have
 Taylored Eyes.*

She: How many hearts have you broken since I saw you
 last?

He: I thought I was cured but I had a relapse.

Owner of Ford: Hear my motor? Runs like a Packard?

Passenger: What did you do to it?

Owner of Lizzie: Put monkey glands in its gasoline.

*Ambrosial nectar is an affinity to Johnny Walker, Rock and Rye
 and Three Star Hennessy.*



Frum Broadway to Taxis

TO mi frend in Taxis.—The 400 is broke. Bunk you'll say but that iz b cause u dont no enny better. I've got bare facts & i no.

The 400 is a bunch of bimboes hoo came over in the Steerage of the mayFlower and other third class tug boats from Rotterdam, Amsterdam, & plain Damn. Then wen they robbed a few injuns and sold bad wiskey they owned the land.

Wen the 1st bunch of insects died they left their little wuns and now they are the 1st choise at all the mess hauls on 5 ave ware they have lots uv silver Ware & Henglish buttles but nothing 2 eet eggcept sour-Kraut. Ennyhow its the swell thing to eet sour-Kraut and such trifles. So at leest thinks sum peeples & they break thare necks 2 get in 2 society. But they awl get it in the neck.

'Tother day as i stude in frunt uv the demi virgin shoa on 42 street ware i had just sean a hosiury display of holeproof stockings why aloung cums this tenderfoot i met down on the ranch neer Dallas.

U reemember mee telling u about picking this tenderfoot up out on the plains, bitten bi a rattler snake. Wel, i had mi squirrel wiskey then & gaiv him a shot and went & gaiv hym an other & baught hym 2. It saved hiz life. So wee went 2 town & got glorious drunk at the Adolphus hotel on the main stem of Dallas. That wuz the last i saw uv that bimBo until now.

Wen i met this bimBo agen hee wuz tickled pink 2 sea mee & say, wee did the town, wea had soop to nuts, and greenwich williag 2 to the bronsks.

Mi bimbo hoo iz a reel fish in society took me 2 this play called Zero & a little later 2 a dance in the chief barn haul. I think it wuz the astor. I had sum time putting on my dress soot but at last i gaiv mi belt a half hitch & maid it OKay. Now the dance wuz awl rite eggcept 4 one thing & that wuz the present bizness dePression. It had hit the 400 in the back.

Yep. Bizness had been so rotten the wimmen didn't ware much at awl, specially in the back. I knew that sum uv the yung gurls had cut thare hare but the destitute circumstances haz



maid it necessary 2 sum hoo hav long sintz passed the aige of chicken to bobb thare hair. But a sad mis4chun kame at the last. Just az i wuz leaving the scene uv poverty a keen looking Jazzabelle dropped her Vanity.

i meen her Vanity case & oute rolled a komplette buity shop & suffering rattlesnakes, a flask of Black & White wiskey. i wuzn't interested till then but i helped the laidy pick up her buity & i maid the grade & went home with her and hav been living sintz on the avènoo. so i'll rite u wen they throws me oute. ures, till Bryan drinks agen,

PAL.

Confessions of Jazza-Ka-Jazza Readers

Kalamazoo—I was a dumb bell until I started reading Jazza. Now I can see a straight line on a curve.

Painted Post—You ask, "Have you a little jazza in your home?" Every month my better half brings home a little jazza from the newsdealer when she purchases her "Jazza-Ka-Jazza."

Canarsie—I have learned an awful lot since reading Cap'n Joey's "Soldier Fortuning in the Tropics." But the other day I tried to pull his tropical rough stuff with my wench and she had me pinched for assault and battery.

The Bronx—All the flappers around where I live keep your Jazza-Ka-Jazza where the First National Bank used to be.

Chicago—Aound the Loop the cake-eaters and jazzabelles have taken Jazza-Ka-Jazza to heart, and sleep with a silhouette figure under their pillow.

Now carefully squint a wicked eye
All thru this Jazz Hound Kicker,
And if you find it's very "dry,"
Just taste my next month's liquor.

"A Trip to Paris"

Sometimes this summer Cap'n Joey will leave Erysipelas in charge of Jazza-Ka-Jazza and tramp his way over the battle-torn France, writing a doughboy's observations of the looks of things now. He will tarry in Paris a while, and perhaps he might write some of his "gleamings of his midnight dreamings." He will fight the bloodless battle of la Paree over again, and recount it in this publication, making one of the most distinctive features of the year.

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There are a few April front cover and silhouettes left at 50c each.

Visitors are cordially invited.

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HAVE YOU A LITTLE JAZZA IN YOUR HOME?

April issues of Jazza-Ka-Jazza just "ain't," and if you want to be insured for six months of he-fun from a JAZZ HOUND among JAZZ KICKERS try the following recipe:

I PLAYED TAPS OVER THE ENCLOSED \$1.50 IN HARD EARNED AMERICAN "JACK." SEND ME "JAZZA-KA-JAZZA" FOR SIX MONTHS.

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JAZZ TROT?

Words & Music by
MARTIN COMPTON.

CHORUS

Cum eo and dance the Jai-ty, Jai-na-ka-jai na! Li Ma-ho you know?

Choo-er and tway... Doo! Jai-na-er, erro... you, You, Jai want to leave... you, You soo-der and was... the life

What do you say? Cum eo and dance the Jai-ty, Jai-na-ka-jai na! Li

Ma-ho... Jai like the Jai-i-er Jai... Oh! it's the erro-er can... er erro Li you you

Just in the Jai-i-er Jai... Choo-er and dance the Jai-ty

Jai-na-ka-jai na! The Jai-ty Jai-na-ka-jai na! Jai, the Jai-ty Jai-na-ka-jai na!

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